

THE PRECEPT OF SILENCE

I know you, solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours!
I know you tremulous beliefs,
Agonized hopes, and aching flowers!

The winds are sometimes sad to me;
The starry spaces, full of fear;
Mine is the sorrow on the sea,
And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings
Publish their wifeliness abroad;
I have not spoken of these things,
Save to one man, and unto God.

COUSIN RICHARD.

Every New Year's day Cousin Richard used to call upon us.

As children we would forget to expect him and wonder at him from a distance when he tried to get on cousinly terms with us.

As we grew older these yearly visits still had a way of surprising the entire household, and we would try to atone for our forgetfulness by an effusive welcome and many invitations to come often. We had the best intentions toward him, and a genuine liking for the man. In those days he was junior partner to a lawyer of considerable ability and reputation. He trod his quiet path in life with clock-like regularity, and when he turned aside from it for this annual visit to his relatives we always wondered why his social excursions should be so rare. For, though he would not have shown in so



"A Most Distinguished Figure Approached the Steps."

eternity, as a man and a bachelor he would have been welcome. He was well bred and companionable; he dressed with precise taste, and, in spite of a tardy youthfulness, which led him to retain the original blackness of his hair and mustache longer than nature intended, he was almost—yes, quite—a handsome man. Yet, from the first, the eager, relentless, ambitious spirit of Chicago passed him by, left him to his old bachelor ways, for him; and no amount of urging or rallying could tempt him to take a house or a wife or friends, or responsibilities, or any of the alluring cards that make up life for most of us.

By and by his partner died. We heard the news remotely and did not appreciate its significance for Cousin Richard.

But when the months rolled around once more to a new year, the welcome we gave it seemed vaguely incomplete and unfamiliar.

What was the matter? It was only after several days that the explanation occurred to us—Cousin Richard had not called. By the time another year had passed we began to wonder what had become of him, and it was with distress that we heard rumors of a change in his placid fortunes. His practice had dwindled off to nothing. It was said he had left his familiar old hotel for a boarding house; he was looking old. And one day, when I met him on the street, the change in him shocked me. His spruce elegance had faded to seediness. His hair and mustache looked rusty. He shifted away from my cordial greeting and avoided my invitation.

He was going to Ohio to see his father, he said; and though we heard of him back in town and shuddered, then ever, the new years came and went without a glimpse of him.

It was not a case to be anxious about, as his father, our old great-uncle, Joshua, was a rich man down in the little country town where he had been the first to "settle" more than half a century ago. If Cousin Richard wished to avoid us there was nothing to do but humor him. But when the news came to us of the old man's death we wondered if the loss would have a reviving effect upon our vanished relative. It was spring; next New Year's day we might hope to see him once more. We were not in the least prepared, however, for the miracle that happened. One Sunday afternoon, in mid-July, as I was lazily fanning myself at a window, a most distinguished figure approached the steps—tall, elegant, even handsome; correct in every detail, his long white mustache contrasting finely with the alert blackness of his eyes. As he entered hat and gloves in hand, I turned, still puzzled, and it was half a minute before I recognized Cousin Richard under the snow-white hair.

He was affable, friendly, talkative. He told us all the Ohio news; he even invited us to the theater, and when the appointed evening came called for us in a carriage. We asked him to dinner several times, and during that summer became almost intimate at last. One afternoon I rebuked him for his lonely life. With his charms and advantages, why had he never married? "Well," he said, with the nervous little laugh which always filled the pauses of his talk, "I am afraid I have always been just a little too late for everything—just a little too late."

When I was a young fellow, down in Ohio, there was a pretty little thing down there whom I liked very well. We used to go to school together, and she had brown curls, and I used to carry her books and take her home, and that sort of thing, you know; and the fellows teased us and seemed to think we were quite spongy. And when I came to Chicago I used to think about her a great deal. I always wanted to write to her, but didn't

quite get to the point, by and by after two or three years, when I was getting on fairly well, I made up my mind I would go back and see her. I thought it over for months, and finally packed my valise and took a street car for the station. It was a beautiful day in June, I remember—a day that made me think of old times, when I used to be a boy in the country.

I kept thinking I would be back there soon, and wondered whether she would be a full-blown young lady, and what she had done with her curls. And I was getting quite excited with my thoughts, when all of a sudden, as I was entering the station, I was jostled back into boyhood on the double-quick by the sight of Jim Dawson coming out. Jim Dawson—I always hated him; a bustling, shoudering, trawling fellow, who was here and there and everywhere all at once when we were children. He shook hands with me, smiling as big as a pumpkin, and called me "old fellow," and said he was so glad to see me, and he had intended to look me up—he had promised to, in fact. And then he smiled broader than ever, and asked me if I remembered Nellie Stevens, whom I used to be so soft on. And I said I used to, for she was the girl with the curls. I knew what was coming by that time, and smiled back when he told me they were going to be married in October, and I must come to the wedding. I said I would like to, and he said he had come to town for a few days to sell some horses, and had counted on seeing much of me—was so sorry I was going out of town. And I was sorry, too, for I had important business to attend to in Michigan. So I took the train to a country place I knew of, and walked in the woods and thought it over. There wasn't much to do about it, except to stay away from the wedding; but I did that.

"And you mean to say no other girl could ever console you?" I asked.

"Oh, there are lots of nice girls, but I have never gotten at any of them to fall in love. And I guess it's just as well—with a laugh—"just as well. How could any woman put up with my ways?"

"Pshaw! Almost any woman would have brought you out so you would never know yourself."

"No—you see, I'm very comfortable as I am. I live over there with the Platts, and they are very good to me. I read a good deal, and when I get tired of reading I practice for an hour or so."

"Practise?"

"Yes. I have taken to playing the violin and piano in my old age. It's too late to do anything with them except to make my neighbors miserable, but they stand it like heroes, and I enjoy pegging away. My brother is a musician, you know, down in Ohio; and I suppose there is a streak of it in me somewhere." "Yes, sir," he continued, "twice a week I take my violin case under my arm and go down to the conservatory to take my lessons. And I suppose the people in the cars wonder what the old fool is doing with a violin, and the teachers wonder what on earth I am making up their time for, and my neighbors wonder what fun I get out of thumping and squeaking. And I wonder myself why I am doing it, but yet I keep right on—an hour or so a day at the piano and another hour or so at the violin; and so the days pass."

"But why do you let them pass so? Why don't you travel, go abroad?"

"Well, you see, I am an old fool there, too. I am trying all the time to make up my mind to go to Europe and see something of the world, but I don't believe I shall ever get to it. You see," he hesitated—"I am afraid!"

"Afraid of what?"

"I should think every hunch of the boat was going to send me to the bottom; and I shouldn't expect those outlandish people over there to know how to run a railroad—or hotels. I should never for one moment hope to get back alive."

"But what's the use of living?" I hesitated to complete my protest against the monotony of life.

"Oh, yes, I know. But there's something in it."

"We Used To Go To School Together, something in it that likes to see the green come out in the spring, and hear the birds, and watch the people. Of course, I'm an old fool!"—Harriet Warner.

Caught in the Act.

Hudson, Wis., Aug. 21.—A sneak thief boarded the west-bound morning passenger train on the Omaha road at Menomonie Junction to-day. When near Hammond he entered one of the sleepers and found his way into the compartment of J. A. Gammans, a traveling salesman for the Willamette Lumber Company of Chicago. The rogue went through his grip, got two razors and a little other stuff and was reaching for Gammans' trousers and vest when the traveling man awoke, touched an electric button and summoned a porter, who captured the intruder. He was brought to Hudson and turned over to the authorities.

Indians and Whiskey. Red Wing, Minn., Aug. 21.—There has been trouble among the Indians on Prairie Island. Somebody is supposed to have given the Indians whiskey, and as a result a bloody war was engaged in which came near ending in murder. Joseph Wingo, one of the braves, was used \$5 and costs, and in default of payment was sent to jail.

A WISE PREACHER.

FARRAR OF LONDON A GRAND OLD MAN.

He Has Just Preached His Farewell Sermon in Westminster—Believe in the Total Abolition of the Liquor Traffic.

HE cable recently announced that Rev. W. H. Farrar had preached his farewell sermon in Westminster Abbey and had gone to take charge of Canterbury Cathedral, of which he was lately made dean. During the last nineteen years the arch-deacon has been one of the glories of the abbey. Few people are aware that he was born

in Great Britain. The head of Marlborough College once wrote of his one-time assistant: "I never knew anyone who had greater power of stimulating intellectual exertion and literary tastes among the boys with whom he came in contact; his character is most lovable; he wins to himself all who approach him. He would be, I am sure, the magnet of all that is noble and generous in the hearts of those whom he rules." And later on Professor Max Muller, who cannot be accused of having any great affection for the clergy, observed that "Farrar's name would add lustre to any school in England." His chief post for some years was the mastership of Marlborough College. He has always been in favor of total abstinence, and is a fearless advocate of the total suppression of the liquor traffic. Dean Farrar, who has had an exceptionally happy home life, surrounded by his wife and many gifted children, will lose about \$5,000 a year by his promotion to Canterbury, but he will probably give himself up more to literary work. In one particular Farrar will be much missed in London. He has helped to marry

power school tutors ever known in Great Britain. The head of Marlborough College once wrote of his one-time assistant: "I never knew anyone who had greater power of stimulating intellectual exertion and literary tastes among the boys with whom he came in contact; his character is most lovable; he wins to himself all who approach him. He would be, I am sure, the magnet of all that is noble and generous in the hearts of those whom he rules." And later on Professor Max Muller, who cannot be accused of having any great affection for the clergy, observed that "Farrar's name would add lustre to any school in England." His chief post for some years was the mastership of Marlborough College. He has always been in favor of total abstinence, and is a fearless advocate of the total suppression of the liquor traffic. Dean Farrar, who has had an exceptionally happy home life, surrounded by his wife and many gifted children, will lose about \$5,000 a year by his promotion to Canterbury, but he will probably give himself up more to literary work. In one particular Farrar will be much missed in London. He has helped to marry



REV. W. H. FARRAR.

A GREAT FREIGHTER.

Description of George, Largest Ship of Its Kind Afloat.

The big new freighter of the White Star line, the George, has just arrived in New York on her maiden voyage. The George is the largest freight steamship afloat, and is furnished with all the latest improvements for the handling of freight and cattle, which make her a valuable addition to the already large fleet of White Star freighters. She was built by Harland & Wolff of Belfast. A valuable part of her cargo is the blooded hackney stallion Alan, belonging to Richard Croker, says New York Tribune.

The George is 338 feet in length, 60-foot beam, and is 49 feet in depth. When fully loaded the vessel will have a draught of 28½ feet. Her tonnage is 10,677 gross and 6,470 net. The vessel's displacement is estimated at 20,116 tons, with a dead-weight carrying capacity of 12,300 tons. She is constructed with a cellular double bottom extending fore and aft, capable of containing 1,500 tons of water ballast, besides two deep tanks to hold 2,995 tons of water. The propelling power is of the twin-screw type, with a double set of triple expansion surface condensing engines, working up to 200 pounds steam pressure. The indicated horsepower is 4,500, and the vessel is capable of making from 12 to 13½ knots an hour. Four boilers generate the steam; two are double and two are single ended, besides twenty-two furnaces.

Earnest Renan and His Sister.

A beautiful story of sisterly devotion to a gifted brother is told in a little book just published entitled "Ma Soeur Henriette," by Ernest Renan. For obvious reasons, its publication was delayed until the tomb had closed over both brother and sister. The son and widow of the great writer have made a pious task of giving to the world this interesting record of a pure and lasting friendship, which Ernest Renan took pleasure in writing after death and robbed him of his faithful sister. Henriette Renan was twelve years older than her brother Ernest, and the tender solicitude with which she watched over him in his years of infancy was never relaxed while she lived. After the death of their parents, the brother and

sister lived together in an ideal intimacy, sharing their inmost thoughts, hopes and convictions. A brief interruption came at the time of Ernest's marriage, the announcement of which at first proved a shock and a disappointment to his devoted sister. Realizing in time that her jealousy was unreasonable and unworthy of her, Henriette took the new wife to her heart and thereafter the three lived happily together. When Renan went to the east on a mission for the emperor, his wife and sister accompanied him. It was a fatal journey for Henriette, who was attacked in Phoenicia by fever, from which she never recovered. She lies now in a grave in the Syrian desert. Her bereaved brother, on his return from the east, wrote the beautiful prose elegy which has just now been made public. Previous to his death it was circulated among the intimate friends of the family. It is a touching record of a kind of friendship that is rare, and is a warm tribute from a man of genius to a woman to whose help and sympathy he owed, as he justifies, much of his success and fame.

COMES TO AMERICA.

Mr. Hardie, the British Labor Leader Visiting Chicago. Keir Hardie, England's great labor leader, is now in this country. He has



KEIR HARDIE.

He has been a labor leader for many years. He always goes about in a typical Scotch laborer's cap and has the broad northern "burr" in his speech. He intends to preach socialism while in this country, and his tour will be a lengthy one.

A Picturesque Figure.

Lafordie Hearn, the author, is a unique and picturesque figure, mentally and physically, among American literary men. His very name is unique, in recalling the Leucadian cliff from which Sappho jumped into the sea. He is a dark and diminutive man, and used, before he went to Japan a few years ago, to wear an enormous sombrero that dwarfed his small head into insignificance. Hearn became known as an author while he was a newspaper man in New Orleans. His life in Japan agrees with him, and it is likely that he will continue to live there with his Japanese wife to the end of his days.

JOHN E. HURST.

One of the Candidates for Governor of Maryland.

The accompanying is a portrait of John E. Hurst, nominee for governor of Maryland. He was born in Maryland in 1832, being the son of a wealthy farmer and preacher. John lost his parent when but 15, and his mother put her son in the Cambridge academy. In 1849 he removed to Baltimore and entered the employ of a dry goods firm a year later. Seven years afterward he started in business for himself, and the firm of Hurst & Co. soon became widely known. The house is now one of the largest in the importing and jobbing line. Mr. Hurst has long been one of Baltimore's most prominent citizens. He is a member of the board of trade, a director in several banks and ex-



JOHN E. HURST.

president of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' association, and is reputed to be a millionaire. He has never held office and until now was never prominent in politics.

Corn in Minnesota.

Minnesota will raise about as much corn as wheat this year, and in the years to come probably a great deal more. Corn will be the future cash crop. The demand for it is practically unlimited, and the United States is the only country that raises a surplus of corn.

CHRIST THEIR SLOGAN

AIMS OF THE NATIONAL CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP LEAGUE.

To Reform the Country Along the Lines Laid Down by the Founder of the Faith—Against Church and State Union.

(Chicago Correspondence.)

HE marvelous growth in membership and influence of the National Christian Citizenship League challenges universal wonder and admiration. The organization was incorporated under the laws of Illinois last March. Previous to that date a local organization existed throughout the state. Since the movement has run from city to city and state to state with a rapidity and spontaneity that is amazing even to those who have given it motion. Leagues have been formed in nearly every state in the union. Their influence is felt from New Hampshire to California, and from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico. The wonderful increase in strength and potency of the National Christian Citizenship League has not been on account of effort on the part of its projectors to



E. F. WHELOCK.

promote its growth. Deeply concerned in the important work which it is designed to promote, they nevertheless adopted the most conservative methods in introducing it to public notice. The president Christian Citizenship League, believing that the best results would follow cautious movement, they addressed their energies more to the perfection of the parent organization than to the geographical extension of its operations. It may, therefore, be said justly that the multiplication of its membership has been achieved without effort, and almost without solicitation. Now, however, the gentlemen who have borne the burden of labor in this sacred field of usefulness, enlist in the work, so far as possible, all the moral and physical energies of good citizenship in every section of the country. With this purpose in mind, they issue the following "call":

To the People of God Everywhere:—The world belongs to Jesus Christ. "Whether they be throned or dominions . . . all things were made by Him and for Him." Satan is a usurper. What belongs to Jesus Christ should be yielded to Him.

In a marked sense, this country is His, since it was taken possession of in His name by its first discoverers and settlers.

Government is an ordinance of God. Our history shows that God has chosen this government in an especial manner to fulfill His great purposes. But since He works through human means, these divine intentions must be wrought out by Christian men and women. If the prayer, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will



JOSEPH F. DERRY, D. D.

ice President Christian Citizenship League.

be done in earth, as it is in heaven," is ever answered, the people of God must do a two-fold work: as in Nehemiah, iv. 16-18, where trowel in one hand and sword in the other, they simultaneously rebuilt the walls of the holy city, and fought the enemy.

Today wickedness is in power, whoever is in place; and encouraged by the apathy of Christian sentiment, heaps obstacle upon obstacle in the way of the coming kingdom. The saloon, the gambling den and the brothel (satanic triad) ruin our youth of body and soul. The Lord's day is made a time of needless but enforced toil to thousands, while its sacredness is often practically denied by its profane. The missionaries of the cross are on their way by the prayers and gifts of the church are followed by the agencies of hell, which, under the sanction of Christian civilization, degrade the heathen to depths unknown in their

own worst estate. Votes are bought, sold and intimidated. Officers are treated as political "spoils" rather than as public trusts. Legislation is transformed into brokerage. Social wrongs foster unmediated in full public view.

Shall these things continue? Shall Christian apathy be the chief ally of the Philistines of sin? The forces of evil are organized, aggressive, insolent, triumphant. Is it not time to marshal the hosts of righteousness in battle array?

We live under a government of the majority. But the majority is composed of Christians—if not of actual church members, at least of those who are adherents of the church. Therefore we are responsible for the evils mentioned above. However we may differ as to creed, ritual and polity, we can all agree as to the need of united action to correct these evils. We can co-operate without surrendering our denominational names or our political preferences. The only question is one of methods.

A practical and adequate organization has been recently called into existence in Chicago called the National Christian Citizenship League, which has already abundantly vindicated its reason for being. Its avowed three-fold object is: 1. To reveal Jesus Christ as the Savior of the nation as well as of the individual. 2. To make Christian principles operative in public affairs. 3. To unite the followers of Christ in consistent, harmonious and aggressive action, not as church members, but as Christian citizens, for the following purposes, viz: 1. To prevent, by personal effort, the nomination and election of corrupt candidates and the enactment of corrupt laws in city, state and nation. 2. To secure fidelity on the part of officers entrusted with the execution of the laws. 3. To exterminate the saloon as the greatest enemy of Christ and humanity. 4. To preserve the Sabbath. 5. To purify and elevate the elective franchise. 6. To promote the study of social wrongs and the application of effective remedies. 7. In general, to seek the reign of whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report.

We do not wish for a union of church and state. Nor do we seek to govern the state through the church. But we do propose to identify Christian citizens with public affairs and thus infuse into industries, politics and administrations the spirit of Jesus Christ.

With the conviction that the time has come for a great forward movement, and that God will utilize the league to prepare the way of His kingdom, we urge all Christians to take instant steps



A. M. HASWELL.

Secretary Christian Citizenship League.

toward the organization of local leagues and their affiliation with the central body. The details of organization and plans for work may be learned by addressing the National Christian Citizenship League, 133 La Salle street, Chicago.

This is not a mere call for civic reform—it is vastly more. A double work needs to be done, formative and reformatory. The young must be educated in civics. We must stop raising hoodlums and drunkards. The present generation of voters must be united for Christian government. Nor is it enough merely to sweep and garnish the house—it must be filled with good tenants. We must not only correct the evils of the day, but prevent other evils by making Christian principles the ruling motive in public affairs.

To this necessary and sacred work we summon all, of whatever creed, party, nationality or sex, who acknowledge God as supreme over all and desire to see His will done upon earth.

We commend to Christian voters everywhere the Christian voter's vow, as printed below. Heartily adopted, honestly advocated and persistently practiced, it will redeem America and relegate the evils that afflict the body politic to oblivion. If it meets with your approval sign it, and get your friends and neighbors to do the same: "Believing that my ballot is my testimony, and that as a Christian citizen I should make it witness for political righteousness, I record my vow: That I will, whenever possible, attend the caucus and primary, and demand the nomination of honorable and capable men. That I will seek the divorce of national issues from municipal and state elections. That I will work for the extermination of the saloon, and will support for office such men only as are in favor of righteous legislation and the impartial enforcement of law."

Always.

A lady complained to a shopkeeper that in sending parcels to her he would address her as "the honorable."

"Don't mention it, ma'am. It doesn't signify at all."

"But it does signify. My parcels may go to the wrong person. I am not 'honorable.'"

"We, ma'am, have always found you so."—The Spectator.